Coffee Pot Park

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/83408806.

Rating:
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Category:
F/F

Fandoms:
ウマ娘 プリティーダービー | Uma Musume: Pretty Derby (Video Game), ウマ娘 プリティーダービー | Uma Musume: Pretty Derby (Anime), ウマ娘 | Uma Musume - All Media Types

Relationship:
Manhattan Cafe/Trainer (Uma Musume)

Characters:
Manhattan Cafe (Uma Musume), Trainer (Uma Musume)

Additional Tags:
Insomnia, Couch Cuddles, Coffee, Horse Sized Horse Girl, Animal Traits, Size Difference, Fluff, Sleepiness, Caretaking, Reader-Insert, Female Reader-Insert

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2026-04-19 Words: 1,850 Chapters: 1/?

Coffee Pot Park

by Bordementions

Summary

You come to your trainee to get a little help with your insomnia

Notes

Small because it was originally meant to be a part of something bigger but I decided to split it up because I'm a lazy dumbass and also I have extra duty this weekend. Another one from the basic training notebook, writing cafe is weird as fuck cause she didn't have very many lines in the movie

AND IN THE GAME SHES ALWAYS BEING A TWEAKER BRUH LIKE

"Trainer… the 40 Benadryl you took earlier… the hat man… he can smell you…"

LIKE WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THAT SHES ALWAYS GEEKED OUT THE WHOLE STORY TELLING THE TRAINER NIGGA DO NOT TURN AROUND THE BABADOOK IS BEHIND YOU

Anyways yeah fun this was for t so I hope you enjoy it mwah, gonna be a slight increase in non smut fics cause I am not in a good mood

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

Got a bunch of limbus fics to get out and what now too so limbus fans I promise you aren't abandoned.

Chapter 1

The digital clock on your bedside table glowed a mocking, toxic green: 3:14 AM.

You groaned, the sound muffled by a pillow that felt more like a slab of concrete than a place to rest your head. For weeks, sleep had been a fleeting stranger, leaving you with nothing but a grainy behind-the-eyes ache and a temper that was fraying at the edges.

Your performance at the academy was slipping; you'd caught yourself staring blankly at stopwatch times for minutes on end, the numbers blurring into meaningless shapes.

"I hate this," you hissed into the darkness, your voice raspy from disuse.

Staying in bed was a special kind of torture. With a frustrated kick of the sheets, you sat up, the room spinning for a brief, nauseating second. You stumbled to the bathroom, splashing water onto your face. It didn't wake you up so much as it just made you cold and miserable. Driven by a sort of sleep-deprived autopilot, you began to pull on your uniform—the slacks, the button-down, the familiar weight of your lanyard. It was hours before your first meeting, yet here you were, dressing for a battle against exhaustion that you were clearly losing.

The walk to Tracen Academy was a blur of silver moonlight and long, distorted shadows. The air was crisp, biting through your light jacket, but the rhythmic crunch of your shoes on the gravel path was the only thing keeping you tethered to reality. You didn't head for your office. Instead, your feet led you toward the Ritto dorms, a path you'd walked a thousand times, though rarely when the world felt this dead and hollow.

The elevator itself in the dormitory hummed, a low-frequency vibration that did little to calm you. When the doors slid open, the hallway was silent, bathed in the dim, amber glow of the night-lights. You reached her door and stared at the dark wood for a long moment. You knew she was awake. She was more of a night owl than you could ever be, intentional or not.

You leaned your forehead against the cool surface of the door and knocked—not the courteous kind, but a slow, heavy thumping that

bordered on a tantrum. "Cafeeee," you whined, your voice pathetic even to your own ears. "Cafe, let me in... I know you're in there."

A moment of silence passed, heavy and expectant. Then, the soft click of a lock. The door didn't swing open, drifting open barely a crack to reveal the towering, silhouetted figure of Manhattan Cafe. Even in the dim light of her room, she was imposing—nearly twice your height of quiet intensity, her long black hair cascading over her shoulders like a dark waterfall. The one yellow eye visible to you narrowed as she looked down at you, her expression unreadable but unmistakably sharp.

"Trainer," she murmured, her voice a low, velvety rasp especially in the quiet hall. "It is three in the morning. Even some of the spirits are trying to find some semblance of peace. What are you doing here at this hour?"

"I can't sleep," you complained, leaning your weight against the doorframe, looking up at her with puffy, tired eyes. "I tried. I really tried, Cafe. But I can't do it, my head is too loud and everything just feels... bad."

Cafe sighed, a long, weary sound that stirred the bangs over her face. She crossed her arms, her gold earring catching a glint of the hallway light. Which is what brought you here? You should be in your own bed, not haunting my doorway."

"Please?" you whispered, ignoring her logic with the stubbornness only a sleep-deprived person could muster. "Just for a little bit? Plleeeeeaasssseeee?"

She stared at you for a long beat, her eye tracking the slight tremor in your hands. Finally, she stepped back, creating a gap in the darkness of her room.

"You are a very troublesome person, trainer," she said, though the bite in her tone was softened by a familiar, quiet resignation. "Come in. But keep your voice low. She is already restless tonight... she doesn't need your whining to encourage her."

You didn't even wait for a formal invitation. As soon as that sliver of space appeared, you slipped past her, the hem of your coat brushing against her legs as you made a beeline for the sanctuary of her couch. It was a plush, oversized thing that seemed designed to swallow a person whole—perfect for someone of Cafe's stature, and a veritable fortress of comfort for someone of yours.

"I’m moving in," you muttered, half-joking and entirely miserable, as you collapsed face-first into a pile of dark-colored throw pillows and a few stray plushies. The scent of her room—a heady, comforting blend of expensive roasted beans, old paper, and a faint, chilling sweetness like cold mountain air—began to soothe the jagged edges of your nerves.

"Trainer, you are acting like a child who has lost its mother," Cafe remarked, her voice drifting over you like a cool shadow. You heard the soft rustle of fabric, and a moment later, a heavy, knitted blanket was draped over nearly your entire body. She stood over you for a moment, her height making her look like a benevolent, dark monolith. "I suppose since you are already here, I should at least ensure you don't catch a chill."

You rolled onto your side, burying your nose in a pillow that smelled exactly like her. "It’s not my fault. My brain is broken. It won't turn off. It just keeps replaying that race from last Tuesday and then thinking about taxes. Lots of taxes."

Cafe blinked slowly. "The shadows are far less noisy than your thoughts, it seems. Perhaps... a cup of coffee would help? Something to settle your spirit."

"Yes, please," you sighed, your voice muffled. "You’re a saint, Cafe."

She disappeared into the small kitchenette area of her dorm, the quiet clinking of ceramic and the hiss of the pour-over setup filling the silence. You lay there, drowning in the softness of the couch, watching her silhouette move with a grace that felt almost supernatural. She didn't rush. Cafe never rushed.

When she returned, the aroma of the onyx-dark liquid reached you first. She held two mugs, steam curling around her fingers like ghostly ribbons.

"Move," she commanded gently, looking down at the tangled mess of limbs and blankets you’d become. "I cannot sit if you are taking up the entire span of the cushions."

"Too tired," you groaned, closing your eyes. "Gravity is stronger over here. I think I’m stuck. Just... leave the coffee on the floor and let me fade away."

Cafe let out a small, sharp huff—a sound of genuine irritation, though her ears twitched in a way that betrayed her fondness. "You are being

impossibly difficult. Truly."

Before you could offer another petulant retort, you felt the air shift. With an effortless show of strength, Cafe leaned down and slid one arm beneath your knees and the other behind your back. She lifted you as if you weighed no more than a bundle of feathers, blanket and all. You let out a tiny, surprised "eep" as you were hoisted into the air, your head lolling against her shoulder for a brief, dizzying second.

She sat down with a slow, controlled elegance, settling you right back down—but this time, your back was laid against her, and your head was pillowed in the crook of her lap. She adjusted the heavy blanket, tucking it firmly around your waist before handing you your mug

"Hold this carefully," she warned. "If you spill any of it, I will make you clean the floor in its entirety."

You didn't care about the threat. You were too busy melting. Wrapped in the blanket, cradled by her body, and feeling the warmth of the coffee seeping into your palms, you finally felt the tension begin to drain. You leaned back, your head resting against the smooth fabric covering her stomach, looking up at her chin and the way her long bangs veiled her face.

"Better?" she whispered, her own mug held close to her lips as she looked down at you.

"Much," you breathed, taking a cautious, tiny sip of the perfect brew.

Wrapped in the heavy knit of the blanket and anchored by the solid weight of Cafe’s thighs beneath your head, the frantic buzzing in your brain finally began to downshift into a low hum.

"Your heart rate is slowing," Cafe murmured, her voice sounding like it was coming from everywhere at once in the dimly lit room. She took a slow, deliberate sip of her coffee. "Was your insomnia truly so terrible?"

"Noooooo," you mumbled into the warmth of your mug, though you knew she was right. You adjusted your position, wiggling deeper into the crook of her lap. "I'm just caffeinated and desperate."

"A dangerous combination for a trainer," she replied. You felt the slight shift of her weight as she set her empty mug on the side table, her long, gloved fingers returning to rest near your shoulder. She didn't touch you directly at first, her hand hovering as if she were

reading the air around you. Then, with a sigh, she let her palm settle against your temple, her thumb tracing the line of your jaw.

Her touch was cool, a stark contrast to the steaming ceramic in your hands. You closed your eyes, letting the scent of coffee and her unique wash over you.

From this angle, she seemed even more gargantuan—a dark, protective deity of the night who had decided, for reasons known only to her and her alone, to keep you from drifting away into the void of your own exhaustion.

"Drink," she commanded softly, her fingers tangling slightly in your hair. If you cannot sleep, then at least learn to be still."

You nodded, the movement sluggish and heavy. Every time you took a sip, the warmth traveled down your chest, radiating outward until it met the heat of her body pressing against your back. It was a strange, beautiful equilibrium. You were small, tired, caught in the gravity of something much larger, much older in spirit.

"Stay like this?" you whispered, your voice barely audible over the settling of the building.

Cafe’s ears flicked, the gold charm on her right ear chiming almost imperceptibly. She leaned her head back against the top of the couch, her gaze fixed on a corner of the ceiling where the shadows seemed to dance and coil in time with her breathing.

"I have nowhere else to be until the sun intrudes," she said, her voice dropping to a hypnotic, gravelly depth. "And she... she has stopped running for the moment. She is watching us. I think she approves of your silence."

You didn't look to see who 'she' was. You didn't need to. You let your eyes flutter shut, the steam from the coffee fogging your vision, finally content to simply exist in the quiet, black-draped heart of the night.

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